THE
Sun's-Darling:
A Moral Maſque:

As it hath been often preſented by their Majeſties Servants; at the Cock-pit in *Drury Lane*, with great Applauſe.

Written by { *John Foard* and *Tho. Deeker* } Gent.

LONDON,
Printed by *J. Bell*, for *Andrew Penneycuicke*,
Anno Dom. 1677.

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To the Right Honorable

THOMAS WRIATHESLEY,

Earle of *Southampton*, Lord

WRIATHSLEY, O[illegible]*chfield, &c.*

MY LORD!

HErodotus *Reports that the Ægyptians by Wrapping their Dead in Glasse, presents them lively to all Posterity; But your Lordship will do more, by the Vivifying beames of your Acceptation, Revive the parent of this Orphane Poem, and make them live to Eternity. While the Stage floriſht, the* POEM *liv'd by the breath of Generall Applauſes, and the Virtuall Fervor of the Court; But ſince hath lan-*

guisht for want of heate, and now neere shrunk up with Cold, creepes (with a shivering feare) to Extend it selfe at the Flames of your Benignity. My Lord, though it seems Rough and Forlorn, It is the issue of Worthy parents, and we doubt not, but you will find it accomplisht with their Vertue. Be pleased then (my Lord) to give it entertainement, the more Destitute and needy it is, the Greater Reward may be Challenged by your Charity; and so being shelter'd under your Wings, and Comforted by the Sun-shine of your Favoure, it will become Proofe against the Injustice of Time, and like one of Demetrius *statues appeare fresher and fresher to all Ages. My Lord, were we not Confident of the Excellence of the Peece, wee should not dare to Assume an impudence to preferr it to a Person of your* HONOR, *and* KNOWN JUDGMENT; *whose* HEARTS *are ready* SACRIFICES, *to your* NAME *and* HONOR, *Being my Lord.*

Your Lordships most humble, and most Obligedly, Submissive Servants;

Theophilus Bird.

Andrew Penneycuicke.

Upon the SUN'S DARLING.

IS he then found? *Phœbus* make holliday;
Tye up thy Steeds; And let the *Cyclops* Play;
Mulceber leave thy Anvile, and be trim;
Combe thy black Muzle, be no longer Grim;
Mercury be quick, with mirth furniſh the heavens,
Jove, this day let all run at ſix and ſeavens;
And *Ganimede* be nimble, to the Brim
Fill Boules of *Nectar*, tha t the Gods may ſwim,
To ſolemnize their healths that did diſcover
The oſcure being of the *Suns* fon'd lover.
That from the Example of their liberall mirth
We may enjoy like freedome on Earth.

John Tatham.

READER.

IT is not here intended to preſent thee with the perfect Analogy betwixt the World and man, which was made for Man; Nor their Co-exiſtence, the World determining with Man: this I preſume hath bin by others Treated on, But drawing the Curtain of this Mor all, you ſhall finde him in his progreſſion as followeth.

The firſt Season.

PResents him in the Twy-light of his age.
Not Pot-gun-proofe, and, yet hee'l have his page:
This ſmale Knight-Errant will encounter things
Above his pearth, and like the partridge Springs.

The

The ſecond Seaſon.

FOlly, his Squire, the Lady Humor brings,
Who in his eare farr ſweeter Novells ſings.
He follows them; forſakes the Aprill Queene,
And now the Noone-tide of his age is ſeene.

The third Seaſon.

AS ſoone as *Nerv'd* with ſtrength, he becomes *Weake*,
Folly and *Humor*, doth his reaſon breake;
Hurries him from his Noone-tide to his even;
From *Summer* to his *Autumne* he is driven.

The fourth Seaſon.

ANd now the *Winter*, or his nonage takes him:
The ſad remembrance of his errours wakes him;
Folly and *Humour*, Faine hee'd caſt away,
But they will never leave him, till hee's *Clay*.
Thus Man as Clay *Deſcends*, *Aſcends* in ſpirit;
Duſt, goes to duſt, The ſoule unto It's Merit.

The

The Names of the Persons.

Phœbus the Sun,
Raybright the suns Darling
Lady Spring.
Youth,
Delight,
Health.
Summer.
Plenty.
Pomona.
Cupid.
Fortune.
Autumne.
Bacchanalian.
Bounty.
Winter.
Conceit.
Detraction
Time.
Priest of the Sun.
Folly.
A Souldier.
A Spanyard.
An Italian Dancer.
A French Taylor.
A Forrester.
Æolus.
Maskers.
3 *Clowns.*

THE

THE Sun's-Darling.

ACT. I.

An Altar.

Enter the Priest *of the* Sun.

Raybright *discovered sleeping.*

Pr. LEt your tunes, you sweet-voic'd spears, overtake him:
Charm his fancies, ope his ears,
now awake him. *begin.*

SONG.

Fancies are but streams
of vain pleasure:
They who by their dreams
true joies measure;
Feasting, starve; laughing, weep;
playing smart, whilst in sleep
fools with shadows smiling,

wake and and finde
hopes like winde,
Idle hopes beguiling.
Thoughts flie away, Time hath past 'em
Wake now, awake, see and taste 'em.

Ray. That I might ever slumber, and enjoy
Contents as happie as the soul's best wishes
Can fancie or imagine, 'tis a crueltie
Beyond example, to usurp the peace
I sate inthron'd in, who was't pluck'd mee from it.

Pr. Young man look hither.

Ray. Good; I envie not
The pomp of your high office; all preferment
Of earthly glories are to me diseases,
Infecting those sound parts which should preserve
The flattering retribution to my thankfulness;
The times are better to me, there's no taste
Left on the pallate of my discontent
To catch at emptie hopes, whose onely blessedness
Depends on beeing miserable.

Pr. Raybright.
Thou drawst thy great descent from my grand patron the Sun;
whose priest I am.

Ray. For small advantage;
Hee who is high-born never mounts yon battlemen
Of sparkling starr, unless I bee in spirit
As humble as the childe of one that sweats
To eat the dear-earn'd bread of honest thrift.

Pr. Hast thou not flow'd in honors?

Ray. Honors, I'de not bee baited with my fears
Of loosing em, to bee their monstrous creature
An age together, 'tis beside as comfortable
To die upon the embrodrie of the grass,
Unwounded, as to set a world at gaze,
Whilst from a pinacle I tumble down
And break my neck, to bee talk'd of, and wonder'd at.

Pr. You have worn rich habits.
Fine Ass-trappings.
A Pedler's heir turn'd gallant, follows fashion.

Can

Can by a crosse-legg'd Tailor bee transform'd
Into a Jack a napes of passing bravery:
'Tis a stout hapinesse to wear good clothes,
Yet live and die a fool ——mew.
Pr. You have had choice
Of beauties to enrich your marriage-bed.
Ray. Monkyes and Parakeetoes are as prettie
To play withall, tho not indeed so gentle.
Honestie's indeed a fine jewel, but the Indies
Where it grows is hard to bee discovered, troath sir
I care for no long travels with lost labor.
Pr. Pleasures of every sence have been your servants,
When as y'ave commanded them.
Ray. To threaten ruine,
Corrupt the puritie of knowledg, wrest
Desires of better life, to those of these
This scurvie one, this life scarce worth the keeping.
Pr. 'Tis melancholy, and too fond indulgence
To your own dull'd affections sway your judgment,
You could not else bee thus lost, or suspect
The care your ancestor the Sun takes of yee.
Ray. The care, the scorn hee throws on mee.
Pr. Fie, fie;
Have you been sent out into strange lands,
Seen Courts of forreign Kings, by them been grac'd,
To bring home such neglect.
Ray. I have reason for't.
Pr. Pray shew it.
Ray. Since my coming home I have found
More sweets in one unprofitable dream,
Then in my lives whole pilgrimage.
Pr. Your fantasie
Misleads your judgment vainly, sir in brief
I am to tell you, how I have receiv'd
From your Progenitor, my Lord, the Sun,
A token, that he visibly will descend
From the celestial orbe to gratifie
all your wilde longings.
Ray. Very likely, when pray:

The world the whiles shall be beholding to him
For a long night, new married men will curse,
Tho their brides tickle for't, oh! candle and lanthorn
Will grow to an excessive rate i'th Citie.

Pr. These are but flashes of a brain disordered.
Contein your float of spleen in seemly bounds,
Your eies shall bee your witness.

Ray. Hee may come.

Enter Time *with a whip, whipping* Follie *before him.*

Tim. Hence, hence, thou shame of nature, mankindes foil:
Time whipps thee from the world, kicks thee, and scorns thee.

Fol. Whip me from the world, why whip? am I a dog, a cur, a mungrel; baw waw. Do thy worst, I defie thee.

Sings. *I will rore and squander,*
Cozen, and bee drunk too;
I will maintein my Pander,
Keep my Hors, and Punck too;
brawl and scuffle,
sleft and shuffle,
Swagger in my Potmeals:
Dammes rank with,
do mad pranck with
Roaring boies and oatmeals.

Pox a time, I care not,
being past 'tis nothing:
I'le be free and spare not,
sorrows are lives loathing:
melancholy
is but folly,
Mirth and youth are plotters.
Time go hang thee,
I will hang thee,
Though I die in cotters.

And what think you of this, you old doting moth-eaten beard-ed rascal; as I am Follie by the mothers side, and a true-bred Gentleman, I will sing thee to death, if thou vex mee; Cannot a man of fashion, for his pleasure, put on now and then his

working

working-day robes of humility, but he must presently be subiect to a Beadles rod of Correction; goe mend thy selfe Caniball, 'tis not without need, I am sure the Times were never more beggerly and proud, waiting-women flant it in Cast-suits, and their Ladies fall for em; knaves over-brave wise men, while wise men stand with cap and knee to fooles: Pitifull Time! pitifull Time!

Ty. Out foul, prodigious, and a bortive birth,
Behold the sand glasse of thy dayes is broke.

Fol. Bring me another, I'le shattter that too.

Ty. No; th'ast misspent thy hours, lavish fool, like
The circuit of thy life, in ceaseleſſe riots
It is not therefore fit that thou shouldst live
In such a Court as the Sunnes Majesty
Vouchsafes to illuminate with his bright beames.

Fol. In any Court, father bald-pate, where my granam the Moon shews her hornes, except the Consistory Court, and there she need not appeare; Cuckolds Carry such sharp Stelettoes in their fore-heads, I'le live here and laugh at the bravery of ignorance, mauger thy scurvie and abhominable beard.

Ty. Priest of the Sunne 'tis neere about the minute,
thy Patron will descend, scourge hence this trifle;
Time is ne're lost, till in the common Schools
Of impudence, time meets with wilfull fooles. *Exit.*

Fol. Farewell 1538, I might have said five thousand, but the others long enough a Concience to be honest Condition'd pox on him; it's a notable railing whipper, of a plain Time whipper.

Pre. You heard the charge he left.

Fol. I, I, a may give a charge, a has been a petty Court-holder ever since he was a minute old, he tooke you for a fore-man of a Jurie

Ray. Pray sir, what are you?

Fol. Noe matter what, what are you?

Ray. Not as you are, I thank my better fates,
I am grand child to the Sun.

Fol. And I am Cosen german, some two or three hundred removes off, to the Moon, and my name is Folly.

Ray, Folly, sir of what quality?

Fol. Quality; any quality in fashion: Drinking, Whoring, Singing, Dancing, Dicing, Swearing, Roring, Foisting, Lying, Cogging

Cogging, Canting, &c. &c. will you have any more.

Ray. you have a merry heart, if you can guild it.

Fol. Yes faith; so, so, I laugh not at those whome I feare, I fear not those whom I love, and I love not any whom I laugh not at, pretty strange humor, is't not?

Ray. To any one that knowes you not, it is.

Pre. You must avoid. *Enter Recorders.*

Fol. Away away, I have no such meaning indeed-la.

Pre. Hark the faire hour is com, draw to the Alter,
And with a mazement, reverence, and comfort
Behold the broad ey'd lamp of heaven descending, —Stand——
The Sunne above.

Fol. Oh brave!

Pre. Stand.

SONG.

Glorious and bright, loe here we bend
Before thy throne, trembling, attend
Thy sacred pleasures, be pleased then
To shower thy comforts downe, that men
May freely taste in lifes extreams
The influence of thy powerfull dreams.

Ray. Let not my fate too swiftly runne,
Till thou acknowledge me thy sunne.
Oh theres no joy even from the wombe,
Of frailty: till we be called home.

Fol. Now am I an arrant rascall, and cannot speak one word for my selfe, if I were hang'd.

Sun. Ray-bright.

Pre. It calles yer, answer.

Ray. Lord and Father.

Sun. We know thy cares, appear to give release,
Boldly make thy demands, for we wil please
To grant what ere thou saist for.

Ray. Fair beam'd sir;
I dare not greedily prefer
Eternitie of earths delights,
Before that dutie which invites
My filial piecie, in this
Your love shall perfect my hearts bliss;

If

If I, but for one onely year,
Enjoy the ſeveral pleaſures here,
With every ſeaſon in his kinde,
Can bleſs a mortal with.

Sun. I finde
Thy reaſon breeds thy appetite, and grant it
Thou maſter'ſt thy deſire, and ſhall not want it;
To the ſpring garden let him bee convey'd,
And entertain'd there by that lovely maid:
All the varieties the Spring can ſhew,
Be ſubject to his will.

Pre. Lights Lord, wee go.

Fol. And I will follow, that am not in love with ſuch fopperies. *Exit.*

Sun. We muſt deſcend, and leav a while our ſphere
To greet the world——ha, there does now appear
A circle in this round, of beams that ſhine,
As if their friendly lights would darken mine:
No let em ſhine out ſtill, for theſe are they,
By whoſe ſweet favors, when our warmths decay,
Even in the ſtorms of winter, daily nouriſh
Our active motions, which in Summer flouriſh
By their fair quickning dews of noble loves:
Oh may you all like ſtars, whilſt ſwift time moves,
Stand fixt in firmaments of bleſt contents:
Mean while recreations wee preſent,
Shall ſtrive to pleaſe; I have the foremoſt tract;
Each ſeaſon elſe begins and ends an Act. *Exit.*

Actus Secundus.

Enter *Spring*, *Raybright*, *Youth*, *Health* and *Delight*.

Spr. WElcom the mother of the year, the Spring;
That mother on whoſe back age ne're can ſit.
For age ſtill waits upon her that Spring the Nurſe;
Whoſe milk the Summer ſucks, and is made wanton.

Phyſitian

Phyſitian to the ſick, ſtrength to the ſound;
By whom all things above, and under round
Are quickned with new heat, freſh blood, brave vigor,
That Spring on thy fair cheeks, in kiſſes lies,
Ten thouſand welcoms, free as are thoſe raies
From vvhich thy name thou borrowest; glorious name!
Raybright, as bright in perſon as in fame.

Ray. Your eies am'd mee firſt, but now mine ears
Feel your tongues charms, in you move all the ſphears.
Oh Ladie! would the Sun, which gave mee life,
Had never ſent me to you.

Spr. Why! all my veins
Shrink up, as if cold Winter were com back,
And with his frozen beard have numm'd my lips
To hear that ſigh thy ſoule you.

Ray. Round about mee
A firmament of ſuch full bleſſings ſhine,
I in your ſphear ſeem a ſtar more divine
Than in my Fathers Chariot; ſhould I ride
One year about the world in all his pride,

Sp. Oh that ſweet breath revives mee! if thou never
Part'ſt hence (as part thou ſhalt not) bee happie ever.

Ray. I know I ſhall.

Spr. Thou to buy, whoſe ſtate
Kings would lay down their crowns, freſh Youth wait,
I charge thee, on my darlings

You. Madam I ſhall,
And on his ſmooth cheek ſuch ſweet roſes ſet,
You ſtill ſhall ſit to gather then, and when
Their colours fade, brave ſhall ſpring agen.

Spr. Then (without whom they that have hills of gold
Are ſlaves and wretches) Health that cannot be ſold
Nor bought, I charge thee make his heart a tower
Guarded, for there lies the Springs paramour.

Hea. One of my hands is writing ſtill in heaven,
(For that's Healths library) t'other on the earth
Is Phylicks treaſurer, and what wealth thoſe lay
Up for my queen, all ſhall his will obay.

Ray. Mortalitie ſure falls from mee,

Spr.

Spr. Thou! to whose tunes
The five nice Sences dance; thou that dost spin
Those golden threds all woman love to winde,
And but for whom, man would cut off mankinde.
Delight not base, but noble, touch thy Lire,
And fill my Court with brightest Delphick fire.
Del. Hover, you wing'd Musicians, in the air;
Clouds leav your dancing, no winds stir but fair.
Hea. Leav blustring March.——

SONG.

What bird so sings, yet so does wail,
'Tis Philomel the Nightingale;
Jugg, Jugg, Jugg, Terue she cries,
And hating earth, to heaven she flies——Cuckow.
Ha, ha, hark, hark, the Cuckows sing
Cuckow, to welcom in the Spring.
Braue prick-song; who is't now we hear!
'Tis the Larks silver leer a leer;
Chirup the Sparrow flies away;
For hee fell too't ere break of day.
Ha, ha, hark, hark, the Cuckows sing
Cuckow, to welcom in the Spring.

Spr. How does my sun-born sweet-heart like his queen;
Her court, her train.
Ray. Wondrous, such ne're were seen.
Hea. Fresher and fresher pastimes, one delight
Is a disease to th' wanton appetite.
Del. Musick take Ecchoes voice, and dance quick rounds
To thine own times in repercussive sounds. *Exit.*
Eccho of Cornets.
Spr. Enough; I will not weary them, pleasures change;
Thou, as the Sun in a free zodiack range,——

Enter Delight.

Del. A company of rural fellowes, fac'd
Like lovers of your Laws, beg to bee grac'd
Before your Highness, to present their sport.
Spr. What it's?
Del. A Morris.
Spr. Give them our Court:

Stay, these dull birds may make thee stop thine ear,
Take thou my lightning, none but Laurel here
Shall scape thy blasting, whom thou wilt confound
Smite; let those stand, who in thy choice sit crown'd.
Ray. Let these then, I may surfet else on sweets.
Sound sleeps do not still lie in Princes sheets.
Spr. Beckon the Rurals in, the Country-gray
Seldom ploughs treason, should'st thou be stolen away.
By great ones, that's my fear.
Ray. Fear it not Lady;
Should all the worlds black sorceries bee laid
To blow mee hence, I move not.
Spr. I am made *Morris*
In that word the earths Empress——
Are not these sports too rustick?
Ray. No; pretty and pleasing.
Spr. My youngest girle, the violet-breathing *May*,
Being told by *Flora* that my love dwelt here,
Is com to do you service, will you please
To honor her arrival.
Ray. I shall attend.
Spr. On then, and bid my rosie-finger'd *May* *Morris*
Rob hills and dales, with sweets to strow his way. *Exit.*
Ray. An Empress, saist thou, faln in love with me.
Fol. She's a great woman, and all great women wish to be Empresses; her name, the Ladie *Humor*.
Ray. Strange name, I never saw her, knew her not:
What kinde of creature is shee?
Fol. Creature! of a skin soft as Pomatum, sleek as Jellie, white as blanch'd Almonds; no Mercers wife ever handled yard with a prettier breath, sweet as a Monkies; lips of cherries, teeth of pearle, eies of diamond, foot and leg as——
Ray. And what's thy name?
Fol. 'Tis but a folly to tell it, my name is Folly.
Ray. Humor and Folly; to my listning ear
Thy Ladies praises often have been sung,
The trumpet sounding forth her graceful beauties,
Kindles high flames within me to behold her.
Fol. She's as hot as you for your heart.

Ray.

Ray. This Ladie, call'd the Spring, is an odd trifle.

Fol. A green ſickneſs thing, I came by the way of a hobby-horſe letter of Attorney, ſent by my Ladie as a ſpie to you: *Spring* a hot Ladie, a few fields and gardens laſt, can you feed upon ſallets and tanzies, eat like an Aſſe upon graſſe every day at my Ladies, coms to you now a Gooſe, now a Woodcock, nothing but fowl; fowl pies, platters all cover'd with foul, and is not fowl very good fare?

Ray. Yea marry is't ſir, the fowl being kept clean.
My admiration waſtes it ſelf in longings
To ſee this rare piece, I'le ſee her; what are Kings, were not their
Pleaſures varied; ſhall not mine then? ſhould day
Laſt ever, 'twould bee loath'd as night.
Change is the ſawce that ſharpens appetite;
The way, I'le to her.

Fol. The way is windie and narrow; for look you, I do but winde this Cornet, and if another anſwer it, ſhe coms.

Ray. Be quick then—— *Cornets.*

Enter *Humor, a Souldier, a Spaniard, an Italian Dance, a French Tailor.*

Hum. Is this that flower the *Spring* ſo dotes upon?

Fol. This is that hony-ſuckle, ſhe ſticks in her ruffe.

Hum. A bedfellow for a Fairie.

Ray. Admir'd perfection!
You ſet my praiſes to ſo high a tune,
My merits cannot reach em.

Hum. My heart-ſtrings ſhall then,
As mine eie gives that ſentence on thy perſon;
And never was mine eie a corrupt Judg,
That Judg to ſave thee would condemn a world,
And loſe mankinde to gain thee; 'tis not the *Spring*,
With all her gawdy arbors, nor perfumes
Sent up in flattering incenſe to the Sun,
For ſhooting glames at her, and for ſending
Whole quires of ſingers to her every morn,
With all her amorous fires, can heat thy blood
as I can with one kiſſe.

Ray. The roſe-lipp'd dawning
Is not ſo melting, ſo delicious.

Turn mee into a bird that I may sit
Still singing in such boughs.

Fol. What bird?

Sol. A Ring-tayl.

Hu. Thou shalt be turn'd to nothing but to mine,
My Mine of pleasures which no hand shall rifle
But this, which in warm Nectar bathes the palm:
Invent som other tyres; musick; stay; none

Fol. Hoy-day.

Hu. New gowns, fresh fashions, I am not brave enough
To make thee wonder at me.

Ray. Not the Moon
Riding at midnight in her cristal Chariot,
With all her Courtiers in their robes of stars
Is half so glorious.

Hu. This feather was a bird of Paradice,
Shall it bee yours.

Ray. No Kingdom buies it from mee.

Fol. Being in fools paradice he must not lose his bawble.

Ray. I am wrapt.

Fol. In your mothers smock.

Ra. I am wrapt above mans being, in being spher'd
In such a globe of raritie, but say Ladie
What these are that attend you.

Hu. All my attendants
Shall be to the sworn servants.

Fol. Follie is sworn to him already, never to leav him.

Ray. Hee.

Fol. A French Gentleman that trayls a Spanish pike. A Tailor.

Tay. Wee Mounsieur, hey nimbla upon de crosse caper, me take a de measure of de body from de top a de noddle to de heel and great toe, oh stish de fine; dis coller is cut but in anger scurvie, oh dis beestes pinella de bum, me put one French yard into de toder hose.

Fol. No French yards, they want a yard at least.

Ray. Shall I bee brave then?

Hu. Golden as the sun.

Ra. What's hee that looks so smickly?

Fol. A Flounder in a frying-pan, still skipping, one that loves

mutton

mutton so well, he alwaies carries capers about him; his brains lie in his legs, and his legs serve him to no other use then to do tricks, as if he had bought em of a Jugler, hee's an Italian dancer, his name——

Dan. Signior Lavolta (Messer mio) me tesha all de bella Corantoes, galliardaes, piamettaes, capeorettaes, amorettaes dolche dolche to declamante do bona robaes de Tuscana.

Ray. I ne're shall be so nimble.

Fol. Yes, if you powr quick-silver into your shin-bones, as he does. *Ray.* This now?

Fol. A most sweet Spaniard.

Spa. A Confecianador, which in your tongue is, a Comfitmaker, of *Toledo*, I can teach sugar to slip down your throat a million of waies.

Fol. And the throat has but one in all, oh *Toledo*!

Spa. In Conservs, candies, marmalades, sinkadoes, ponadoes, marablane, Bergamotu, aranxues muria, lymons, berengenas of *Toledo*, oriones, potataes of *Malaga*, and ten millions more.

Fol. Now 'tis ten millions, a Spaniard can multiply.

Spa. I am your servidor.

Rey. My pallate pleas'd to, what's this last?

Sol. I am a Gun that can rore, two stelettoes in one sheath, I can fight and bounce too, my Ladie by mee, presents this sword and belt to you

Ray. Incomparable Mistresse.

Hu. Put them on.

Sol. I'le drill you how to give the lie, and stab in the punto, if you dare not fight; then how to vamp a rotten quarrel without ado.

Ray How: dare not fight! there's in me the Suns fire.

Hu. No more of this, dances awake the musick.
O yes! Musick!

Ray. No more of this, this sword arms me for battel.

Hu. Com then, let thou and I rise up in arms,
The field embraces, kisses our alarms.

Fol. A dancer and a Tailor, yet stand still: strike up—*Dance.*

Enter *Spring, Health, Youth, Delight.*

Spr. Oh! thou inticing strumpet, how durst thou

Throw

Throw thy voluptuous spells about a Temple
That's consecrate to me.
Hu. Poor *Spring*, goodie hen-wife;
How dar'st thou cast a glance on this rich jewel
I ha bought for mine own wearing.
Spr. Bought! art thou sold then?
Ray. Yes, with her gifts, she buyes me with her graces.
Heal. Graces! A Witch.
Spr. What can she give thee.
Ray. All things.
Spr. Which I for one bubble cannot add a fea too.
Fol. And shew him a hobbie-horse in my likeness.
Spr. My *Raybright*, hear me; I regard not these.
Ray. What dowrie can you bring me?
Spr. Dowrie! ha! is't com to this? am I held poor and base?
A girdle make, whose buckles stretch'd toth' length
Shall reach from th'artick to th'antartick pole:
What ground soever thou canst with that inclose
I'le give thee freely, not a Lark that calls
The morning up, shall build on any turf
But shee shall be thy tenant, call thee Lord,
And for her rent pay thee in change of songs.
Ray. I must turn bird-catcher.
Fol. Do you think to have him for a song?
Hu. Live with mee still, and all the measures
Plaid to by the spheres, I'le teach thee;
Let's but thus dallie, all the pleasures
The Moon beholds, her man shall reach thee.
Ray. Divinest!
Fol. Here's a Lady.
Spr. Is't come to who gives most?
The self same Bay tree into which was turnd:
Penean Daphne, I have still kept green;
That tree shall now be thine, about it sit:
All the old poets with fresh Lawrel Crownd,
Singing in verse the praise of chastity;
Hither when thou shalt come, they all shall rise,
Sweet Cantoes of thy love, and mine to sing:

And

And invoke none but thee as *Delian King*.
Ray. Live by singing ballets?
Fol. Oh! base, turn poet, I would not be one my self.
Hu. Dwell in mine armes, aloft wee'l hover,
And see fields of armies fighting:
Oh! part not from mee, I will discover
There, all but books of fancies writing;
Del. Not far off stands the *Hipocrenian* well,
Whither i'le leade thee, and but drinking there,
To welcome thee, nine Muses shall appear:
And with full bowles of knowledge thee inspire.
Ray. Hang knowledge, drowne your muse,
Fol. I, I, or they'l drown themselves in Sack & Claret
Hu. Do not regard their toyes,
Be but my darling, age to free thee
From her curse, shall fall a dying;
Call me their Empresse; time to see thee
Shall for get his art of flying.
Ray. Oh! my all excellence.
Sp. Speake thou for me; I am fainting.
Heal. Leave her, take this and travel, tell the world
I'le bring thee in to all the Courts of Kings;
Where thou shalt stay, and learn their languages;
Kisse Ladies, revell out the nights in dancing:
The day, manly pastimes; snatch from time
His glasse, and let the golden sands run forth
As thou shalt jogg them, riot it, go brave;
Spend halfe a world, my Queen shall beare thee out:
Yet all this while, tho thou climb hills of yeares,
Shall not one wrinckle sit upon thy brow,
Nor any sickneese shake thee; Youth and Health,
As slaves, shall lackie by thy Chariot wheeles;
And who, for two such jeweller, would not sell
The *East*, and *West Indies*; both are thine, so that——
Ray. What?
Fol. All lies gallap o're the world, and not grow old, nor be sick; a lie; one gallant went but into *France* last day, & was never his own man since, another stept but into the low Countries, and

was

was drunk dead under the table, another did not peep into England, and it cost him more in good morrows blowne up to him under his window, by Drums and Trumpets, then his whole voiage, besides he run mad upon'e.

Hu. Here's my last farewel, ride a long with me,
I'le raise by art, out of base earth, a pallace;
Whither thy selfe, waving a Christal stream,
Shall call together the most glorious spirits
Of all the Kings that have been in the world;
And they shall come onely to feast with thee.

Ray. Rare!

Hu. At one end of this pallace shal be heard
That Musique which gives motion to the Heaven;
And in the midle *Orpheus* shall sit and weep,
For sorrow that his Lute had not the charmes
To bring his faire *Euredice* from hell;
Then at an other end----

Ray. I'le hear no more;
This ends your strife, you onely I adore.

Sp. Oh! I am sick at heart, unthankfull man
'Tis thou hast wounded me, farewel, she is led in.

Ray. Farewell?

Fol. Health, recover her; sirrah Youth, look to her.

Hea. That bird that in her nest sleeps out the spring
May fly in Summer, but with sickly wing. *Exit.*

Ray. I owe thee for this pill, Doctor.

Hu. The Spring will Dye sure.

Ray. Let her?

Hu. If she does, Folly here is a kind of a foolish poet,
And he shall write her Epitaph.

Ray. Against the morning
See it then writ, and I'le reward thee for it.

Fol. It shall not need.

Ray. 'Tis like it shall not need, this is your Folly,

Hu. He shall be ever yours.

Fol. I hope ever to be mine own folly,
Hee's one of our fellows.

Hu. In triumph now I lead thee; no, be thou *Cesar*,
And lead me.

Ray.

Ray. Neither; wee'l ride with equall state
Both in one Chariot, since we have equall fate.
Hu. Each do his office to this man your Lord;
For tho Delight, and Youth, and Health should leave him,
This Ivory gated pallace shall receive him. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius.

Enter *Raybright* Melancholy.

Ray. OH my deer love the Spring, I am cheated of thee;
Thou hadst a body the four elements
Dwelt never in a fairer; a minde princely;
Thy language like thy singers, Musical.
How coole wert thou in anger, in thy dyet
How temperate, and yet sumptuous; thou wouldst not waste
The waight of a sad violet in excesse;
yet still thy board had dishes numberlesse.
Dumbe beasts even lov'd thee; once a young Lark
Sate on thy hand, and gazing on thine eyes
Mounted and sung, think ing them moving skies.

Enter *Follie.*

Fol. I ha don my Lord: my Muse has pump'd hard for an Epitaph upon the late departed *Spring*, and here her lines spring up. *Ray.* Read.

Fol. Read; so I will, pleas you to reach mee your high ears.

Here lie's the blith Spring,
Who first taught birds to sing;
Yet in April herself fell a crying:
Then May growing hot,
A sweating sickness shee got,
And the first of June lay a dying.
Yet no month can say
But her merry daughter May
Stuck her Coffin with flowers great plenty.
The Cuckow sung in verse
An Epitaph o're her herse,
But assure you the lines were not dainty.

Ray. No more are thine, thou Ideot; hast thou none
To poison with thy name iggs but mine,
My matchless frame of nature, Creations wonder,
Out of my sight.

Fol. I am not in't, if I were, you'd see but scurvily; you finde fault as Patrons do with books, to give nothing.

Ray. Yes ball'd out, beastly base one; blockish away;
Vex me not fool, turn out a doors your rorer,
French Tailor, and that Spanish ginger-bread,
And your Italian skipper; then sir, your self.

Fol. My self! Carbonado me, bastinado me, strapado me, hang me, I'le not stir; poor Follie, honest Follie, jocundary Follie forsake your Lordship; no true Gentleman hates me, and how many women are given daily to me (if I would take em) some not far off know; Tailor gon, Spanish figg gon, all gon but I—— Enter *Humor*.

Hu. My waiters coited off by you, you flea them;
Whence com these thunder-bolts, what furies haunt you?

Ray. You.

Fol. Shee!

Ray. Yes, and thou.

Fol. Baw waw.

Ray. I shall grow old, diseas'd, and melancholy;
For you have robb'd me both of Youth and Health,
And that delight my Spring bestow'd upon me:
But for you two, I should be wondrous good;
By you I have been cozen'd, baffled, and torn
From the embracements of the noblest creature.

Hu. Your *Spring*.

Ray. Yes she, even she, onely the *Spring*:
One morning spent with her, was worth ten nights
With ten of the prime beauties in the world:
She was unhappie never, but in two sons,
March a rude roring fool.

Fol. And *April* a whining puppie.

Hu. But *May* was a fine piece.

Ray. Mirror of faces.

Fol. Indeed *May* was a sweet creature, and yet a great raiser of

of May-poles.

Hu. Whom will you sing my praises thus?

Ray. Thy praises, that art a common creature.

Hu. Common!

Ray. Yes, common: I cannot passe through any Princes Court, Through any Countrie, Camp, Town, Citie, Village, But up your name is cried, nay curs'd; a vengeance On this your debauch'd Humor.

Fol. A Vintner spoke those very words last night, to a company of roring boies, that would not pay their reckoning.

Ray. How many bastards hast thou?

Hu. None.

Ray. 'Tis a lie, bee judg by this your squire else.

Fol. Squire! worshipful Mr Follie.

Ray. The Courtier has his Humor, has he not Follie?

Fol. Yes marry has he, follie; the Courtier's humor is to bee brave, and not pay for't; to bee proud, and no man cares for't.

Ray. Brave Ladies have their humors.

Fol. Who has to do with that, but brave Lords.

Ray. Your Citizens have brave humors.

Fol. Oh! but their wives have tickling humors.

Hu. Yet don.

Fol. Humor Madam, if all are your bastards that are given to humor you, you have a companie of as arrant rascals to your children, as ever went toth' gallowes; a Gallier being drunk justsell'd a Knight into the kennel, and cry'd 'twas his humor; the Knight broke his coxcomb, and that was his humor.

Ray. And yet you are not common.

Hu. No matter what I am.

Rail, curse, be frantick, get you to the tomb
Of your rare Mistresse; dig up your dead *Spring*
And lie with her, kisse her; me, have you lost.

Fol. And I scorn to be found.

Ray. Stay: must I lose all comfort, dearest stay;
There's such a deal of magick in those eies,
I'me charm'd to kisse these onely.

Fol. Are you so? kisse on, I'le be kiss'd from whence I warrant.

Ray. I will not leav my Follie for a world.

Fol Nor I you for ten.

Ray. Nor thee my [illegible] worlds pill'd upon worlds.

Hu. If ever for the Spring you do but sigh, I take my bells.

Fol. And I my hobby-horse, —Will you be merry than, and jawfand.

Ray. As merry as the Cuckows of the spring,

Fol. Again.

Ray. How Ladie, lies the way?

Hu. I'le be your conroy,
And bring you to the Court of the Suns queen,
(Summer a glorious and majestick creature)
Her face out-shining the poor Springs, as far
As a sun-beam doe's a lamp, the moon a star.

Ray. Such are the spheres I'de move in, attend us Follie. *Ext.*

Enter *Raybright* and *Humor.*

Ray. I muse, my nimble Follie staies so long.

Hu. Hee's quick enough of foot, and counts, I swear)
That minute cast away, not spent on you.

Ray. His companie is munck, next to yours;
Both of you are a Consort, and I, your tunes
Lull me asleep, and when I most am sad,
My sorrows vanish from me in soft dreams:
But how far must we travel, is it our motion
Puts us in this heat; or is the air
In love with us, it clings with such embraces,
It keeps us in this warmth.

Hu. This shews, her Court
Is not far off, you covet so to see:
Her subjects seldom kindle needlesse fires,
The Sun lends them his flames.

Ray. Has she rare buildings?

Hu. Magnificent and curious; every noon
The horses of the day bait there, whilst he
(Who in a golden Chariot makes them gallop
In twelve hours o're the world) alights a while,
To give a love-kisse to the Summer-queen.

Ray. And shall we have fine sights there?

Hu. Oh!

Ray. And hear more raviſhing muſick?

Bu. All the quiriſters

That learn't to ſing i'th Temple of the Spring;

But her attain ſuch cunning, that when the windes

Rore and are mad, and clouds in antick gambols

Dance o're our head, their voices have ſuch charme,

They'l all ſtand ſtill to liſten——

Ray. Excellent. Enter *Follie.*

Fol. I ſweat like a pamper'd jade of *Aſia*, and drop like a Cob-nut out of *Africa*—— *Enter a Forreſter.*

For. Back: whither go you?

Oyes! this way.

For. None muſt paſſe:

Here's kept no open Court; our Queen this day

Rides forth a hunting, and the air being hot,

She will not have rude throngs to ſtifle her——back. *Exe.*

Enter Summer *and* Delight.

Sum. And did break her heart then,

Del. Yes with diſdain.

Sum. The heart of my deer mother nurſe the *Spring*,

I'le breake his heart for't: had ſhe not a face,

Too tempting for a *Jove*.

Del. The graces ſate,

On her faire eye-lids ever, but his youth

Luſting for change, ſo doted on a Lady,

Phantaſtick, and yet fair, a peece of wonder:

They call her *Humor*; and her parafite *Folly*,

He caſt the ſweet *Spring* off, and turn'd us from him;

Yet his celeſtial kinſman, for young *Raybright*

Is the *Suns* darling: knowing his journeying hither

To ſee thy glorious Court, ſends me before,

To attend on you, and ſpend all my hours

In care for him—— Enter *Sun.* *Recorders.*

Sum. Obay your charge——oh thou builder,

Of me thy hand maid, Landlord of my life,

Life of my love, throne where my glories ſit;

I ride in tryumph on a ſilver cloud,

Now I but ſee thee.

Sun. Riſe; is *Raybright* come yet, *Del.*

Del. Not yet.
Sun. Be you indulgent over him,
And lavish thou thy treasure.

Enter *Plenty.*

Plen. Our princely Cosen *Raybright*,
Your darling, and the worlds delight, is come.
Sun. who with them.
Ple. A goddesse in a woman, attended
By a prating sawcie fellow, called *Follie*.
Sun. They'l confound him, but he shall run,
Go and receive him.
Sum. Your sparkling eyes, and his arivall, drawes
Heapes of admirers; earth it self will sweat
To bear our weights; vouchsafe, brighs power, to borrow
Winds not too rough from *Æolus*, to fan
Our glowing faces.
Sun. I will: ho *Æolus*;
Unlock the jayle, and lend a winde or two,
To fan my girle the Summer.
Æo. I will.
Sun. No rorers.
Æo. No. *Hoboyes*,
Sun. Quickly. } The *Sun* takes
Æo. Fly you slaves, *Summer* sweats; cool her. } *his seat above.*
Enter *Summer*, *Raybright*, *Humor*, *Plenty*, *Folly*, *Country-fellows* and *Wenches*.

SONG.

Hay-makers, Rakers, Reapers and Mowers,
Waite on your Summer-Queen,
Dresse up with Musk-rose her Eglentine bowers,
Daffodils strew the greene,
Sing dance and play
'Tis Holy day.
the Sun dote bravely shine
on our ears of corn.
Rich as a pearle
coms every girle,
this is mine, this is mine, this is mine;
Let us die, ere away they be born.

Bow

Bow to the Sun, to our Queen, and that fair eye
com to beholld our sports,
Each bonny Lasse here is esteemed a rare one,
as those in Princes Courts.
these and wee
with Countrie glee
will teach the woods to resound,
and the hills with eccho's hollow:
skipping lambs
their bleating dams
'mongst kids shall trip it round,
for joy thus our wenches we follow.

Winde, jollie Hunts-men, your neat Bugles shrilly,
Hounds make a lustie crie:
Spring up, you Faulconers, the Partridges freely,
then let your brave Hawks flie.
Horses amain
over ridg, over plain,
the Dogs have the Stag in chace;
'tis a sport to content a King.
So ho ho, through the skies
how the proud bird flies,
and sowsing kills with a grace,
Now the Deer falls, hark how they ring. —

Sun. Leav off, the Sun is angry, & has drawn A clowd before his face. } The Sun by degrees is clowded.

Ha. He is vex'd to see
That proud star shine near you, at whose rising
The Spring fell sick and dy'd; think what I told you,
His coynes will kill you else.
Sun. It cannot — fair Prince!
Though your illustrious name has touch'd mine ear
Till now I never saw you, nor never saw
A man whom I more love, more hate.
Ray. Ha Ladie!
Sun. For him I love you, from whose glittering raies

You

You boaſt your great name, for that name I hate you,
Becauſe you kill'd my mother, and my nurſe.
Plen. Kill'd he my grandmother, Plenty will never
Hold you byth' hand again.
Sum. You have free leave
To thruſt your arm into our treaſurie
As deep as I my ſelf: *Plenty* ſhall wait
Still at your elbow, all my ſports are yours,
Attendants yours, my ſtate and glorie's yours;
But theſe ſhall be as ſun-beams from a glaſſe
Reflected on you, not to give you heat
To dote on a ſmooth face, my ſpirit's too great. *Exit.*
Ray. Divineſt! *Floriſh*
Hu. Let her go.
Fol. And I'le go after, for I muſt and will have a fling at one of her plum-trees.
Ray. I ne're was ſcorn'd till now.
Hu. This is that *Alieza*,
That Rhodian wonder, gaz'd at by the Sun;
I fear'd thine eies ſhould have beheld a face,
The Moon has not a clearer, this! a dowdie.
Fol. An Ouzle, this a queen-apple; or a crab ſhe gave you.
Hu. She bid's you ſhare her treaſure, but who keeps it.
Fol. She point's to trees great with childe with fruit, but when delivered grapes hang in ropes, but no drawing, not a drop of wine: whole ears of corn lay their ears together for bread, but the divel a bit I can touch.
Hu. Be rul'd by me once more, leave her.
Ray. In ſcorn, as he doe's me.
Fol. Scorn! if I be not deceived, I ha ſeen Summer go up and down with hot Codlings; and that little baggage, her daughter Plenty, crying ſix bunches of Raddiſh for a peny.
Hu. Thou ſhalt have nobler welcome, for I'le bring thee
To a brave and bountious houſe-keeper, free Autumne.
Fol. Oh! there's a lad——let's go then.
Plen. Where's this Prince, my mother; for the Indies
Muſt not have you part——
Ra. Muſt not?

Sum.

Sum. No; must not.
I did but chide thee like a whistling winde
Playing with leavie dancers: when I told thee
I hated thee, I lied; I doat upon thee.
Unlock my garden of th'Hesperides,
By draggons kept (the Apples beeing pure gold)
Take all that fruit, 'tis thine.

Plen. Love but my mother, I'le give thee corn enough to feed the world.

Ray. I need not golden apples, nor yourcorn;
What land soe're, the worlds surveyor, the Sun
Can measure in a day, I dare call mine:
All kingdoms I have right to, I am free
Of every Countrie; in the four elements
I have as deep a share as an Emperor;
All beasts whom the earth bears are to serv me,
All birds to sing to me, and can you catch me
With a tempting golden Apple,

Plen. Shee's too good for thee;
When she was born, the Sun for joy did rise
Before his time, onely to kisse those eies,
Which having touch'd, he stole from them such store
Of light, she shone more bright then e're before:
At which he vow'd, when ever shee did die,
Hee'd snatch them up, and in his sisters sphere
Place them, since she had no two stars so clear.

Ray. Let him now snatch them up away.

Hu. Away, and leav this Gipsie.

Sun. Oh! I am lost.

Ray. Love scorn'd, of no triumph more then love can boast. *Exit.*

Plen. This strump will confound him. *Recorders.*

Sum. Shee has me deluded—— Enter *Sun.*

Sun. Is Raybright gon.

Sum. Yes, and his spightful eies
Have shot darts through me.

Sun. I, thy wounds will cure,
And lengthen out thy daies, his followers gon.
Cupid and *Fortune* take you charge of him.

Here thou, my brightest Queen, must end thy reign,
Som nine months hence I'le shine on thee again. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus.

Enter *Pomona*, *Raybright*, *Cupid* and *Fortune*.

Ray. YOur entertainment, Autumns bounteous queen,
Have feasted me with rarities as delicate,
As the full growth of an abundant year
Can ripen to my palate.

Pom. They are but courtings
Of gratitude to our dread Lord the Sun,
From whom thou draw'st thy name; the feast of fruits
Our gardens yield, are much too course for thee;
Could we contract the choice of natures plenty
Into one form, and that form to contein
All delicates, which the wanton sence
Would relish: or desire to invent to please it,
The present were unworthie far to purchase
A sacred league of friendship.

Ray. I have rioted
In furfets of the ear, with various musick
Of warbling birds; I have smelt persumes of roses,
And every flower with which the fresh-trim'd earth
Is mantled in: the Spring could mock my sences
With these fine barren lullabies, the Summer
Invited my then ranging eies to look on
Large fields of ripen'd corn, presenting trifles
Of wanton pettie dainties, but my taste
Is onely here pleas'd, t'other objects claim
The style of formal, these are real bounties.

Pom. We can transcend thy wishes, whom the creatures
Of every age and qualitie poste, madding
From land to land, and sea to sea to meet,
Shall wait upon thy nod, *Fortune* and *Cupid*,
Love yield thy quiver, and thine arrows up
To this great Prince of Time, before him *Fortune*,

Powr

Powr out thy mint of treasures, crown him soveraign
Of what his thoughts can glorie to command;
He shall give paiment of a roial prize
To Fortune, Judgment, and to Cupids eies.
Fort. Be a Merchant, I will fraight thee
With all store that time is bought for.
Cup. Bee a lover, I will wait thee
With successe in life most sought for.
For. Be enamored on bright honor,
And thy greatnesse shall shine glorious.
Cup. Chastitie, if thou smile on her,
Shall grow servile, thou victorious.
Fort. Be a warrior, conquest ever
Shall triumphantly renown thee.
Cup. Be a Courtier, beauty never
Shall but with her duty crown thee.
Fort. Fortunes wheel is thine, depose me,
I'me thy slave, thy power hath bound me.
Cup. Cupids shafts are thine, dispose me,
Love loves love, thy graces wound me.
Fort. Cup. Live, reign, pitie is fames jewel;
We obay, oh! be not cruel.
Ray. You ravish me with infinites, and lay
A bountie of more sovereigntie and amazement,
Then the Atlas of mortalitie can support——

Enter *Humor* and *Follie*

Hu. Whats here.
Fol. Nay pray observe.
Ray. Be my hearts Empresse, build your kingdom there.
Hu. With what an earnestnesse he complies.
Fol. Upon my life he means to turn *Costermonger*, and is projecting how to forestall the market; I shall crie Pippins rarely.
Ray. Till now, my longings were ne're satisfied,
And the desires my sensuall appetite
Were onely fed with barren expectations,
To what I now am fill'd with.
Fol. Yes we are fill'd and must be emptied, these wind fruits have

diſtended my guts into a Leaten pudding, theres no fat in them, my belly ſwells, but my ſides fall away, a month of ſuch diet would make me a living Anatomie.

Po. Theſe are too little, more are due to him,
That is the patterne of his fathers glorie;
Dwell but amongſt us, induſtrie ſhall ſtrive,
To make another artificiall nature;
And change all other ſeaſons into ours.

Hu. Shall my heart breake, I can containe no longer.

Ray. How fares my lov'd *Humor*?

Hu. A little ſtirr'd, no matter, i'le be merry:
Call for ſome Muſick, do not; i'le be melancholly.

Fol. A ſullen humor, and common, in a dicer that has loſt all his money.

Po. Lady! I hope 'tis no neglect of Courteſie
In us, that ſo diſturbs you, if it riſe
From any diſcontent, reveal the cauſe,
It ſhall be ſoone removed.

Hu. Oh! my heart, helpe to unlace my gowne.

Fol. And unlace your peticoate.

Hu. Sawcie, how now! 'tis well you have ſome ſweet heart, ſome new freſh ſweet heart; i'me a goodly foole to be thus plaied on, ſtall'd, and foyl'd.

Po. Why Madam;
We can be courteous without ſtaine of honor;
'Tis not the raging of a luſtfull blood
That we deſire to tame with ſatisfaction:
Nor hath his maſculine graces in our breſt
Kindled a wanton fire; our bounty gives him
A welcome free, but chaſte and honorable.

Hu. Nay 'tis all one, I have a tender heart,
Come, come, let's drink.

Fol. A humor in faſhion with gallants, and brought out of the low Countries.

Hu. Fie! there's no muſick in thee, let us ſing.

Fol. Here's humor in the right trim, a few more ſuch toies would make the little world of man runne mad, as the *Puritan* that ſold his conſcience for a May pole. *Fleſh: ſhowte.*

Ray. The meaning of this mirth. *Po.*

Po. My Lord is coming.
Ray. Let us attend, to humble our best thanks,
For these high favours ——
Enter *Autumne* & *Bacchanalian*, *Humor* & *Follie*.
Pom. My dearest Lord, according to th'injunction
Of your command, I have with all observance,
Given entertainement to this noble stranger.
Au. The Sun-born *Raybright*, minion of my love,
Let us be twins in heart, thy grandsires beames
Shine graciously upon our fruits, and vines:
I am his vassail-servant, tributaries
And for his sake, the knigdomes I possesse,
I will devide with thee, thou shalt command
The *Lidian Tmolus*, and *Campanian* mounts,
To nodd their grape-crownd heads into thy bowles,
Expressing their rich juice: a hundred graines
Both from the *Beltick* and *Sicilian fields*,
Shall be Congested for thy sacrifice
In *Ceres* fane, *Tiber* shall pay thee Apples,
And *Sicyon Olives*, all the Choicest fruits,
Thy Fathers heat doth ripen.
Ray. Make me but treasurer
Of your respected favours, and that honor
Shall equall my ambition.
Au. My *Pomona*,
Speed to prepare a banquet of novelties;
This is a day of rest, and we the whiles,
Will sport before our friends, and shorten time
With length of wonted revels.
Pom. I obay:
Will't please you Madam, a retirement
From these extreames in men, more tollerable,
Will better fit our modesties.
Hu. I'le drink, and be a *Bacchanalian*, no, I will not;
Enter, i'le follow; stay, i'le go before.
Po. Ee'ne what humor pleaseth. *Exit.* *Florishes*
Au. *Raybright*, a health to *Phœbus* —— Drinks.
These are the Peans which we sing to him,

And

And ye wear no baies, our cups are onely
Crowned with *Lyons* blood, to him a health —— Drinks.

Ray. I must pledge that too.

An. Now one other health
To our grand *Patron*, called, good fellowship;
Whose livery, all our people hereabout
Are call'd in. —— *Drinks.*

Ray. I am for that too.

An. 'Tis well, let it go round, and as our custome is
Of recreations of this nature, joyne,
Your voices, as you drink, in lively notes;
Sing *Jos* unto *Bacchus*.

Fol. Hey hoes, a god of winder, there's at least four and twenty of them imprisoned in my belly; if I sigh not forth some of them, the rest will break out at the back door; and how sweet the Musick of their roring will be, let an *Irishman* judge.

Ray. He is a songster too.

Fol. A very foolish one; my Musique is naturall, and came by inheritance; my father was a *French* Nightingall, and my mother an English wagtaile; I was born a Cuckow in the *Spring*, and lost my voice in *Summer*, with laying my egges in a sparrowes nest; but I'le venture for one, fill my dish; every one take his own, and when I hold up my finger, off with it.

An. Begin.

Fol. *Cast away care, hee that Loves sorrow,*
Lengthens not a day, nor can buy to morrow:
Money is trash, and he that will spend it,
let him drink merrily, Fortune will send it.
Merrily, Merrily, Merrily, Oh ho.
Play it off stiffly, we may not part so merrily &c.

Wine is a Charme, it heates the blood too,
Cowards it will arm, if the wine be good too;
quickens the wit, and makes the back able;
scornes to submit to the watch or Constable.
Merrily, &c.

Pots

Pots fly about, give us more Liquor;
Brothers of a rowt, our braines will flow quicker;
emptie the Cask, score up, wee care not,
fill all the Pots again, drink on, and spare not,
Merrily, &c.

Now have I more air then ten Muſicians, beſides there is a whirlwinde in my brains, I could both caper and turn round.

Au. Oh! a Dance by all meanes,
Now ceaſe your healths, and in an active motion
Beſtir yee nimbly, to beguile the hours.

Fol. I am for you in that too, 'twill jogge down the lees of theſe rowſes into a freer paſſage; but take heed of ſure footing, 'tis a ſlippery ſeaſon; many men fall by riſing, and many women are raiſed by falling——— *Dance*

Au. How likes our friend this paſtime?

Ray. Above utterance,
Oh! how have I in ignorance and dullneſſe,
Run through the progreſſe of ſo many minutes;
Accuſing him, who was my lifes firſt author,
Of ſlackneſſe and neglect, whilſt I have dream't
The *folly* of my daies in vaine expence,
Of uſeleſſe taſte and pleaſures; pray my Lord
Let one health paſſe about, whilſt I be think me
What courſe I am to take, for being deniſon
In your unlimited courteſies.

Au. Deviſe a round,
You have your liberty.

Ray. A health to *Autumns* ſelfe.
And here let time hold ſtill his reſtleſſe glaſſe,
That not another golden ſand may fall
To meaſure how it paſſeth.

Au. Continue here with me, and by thy preſence
Create me favorite to thy faire progenitor;
And be mine heire.

Ray. I want words to expreſſe
my thankfullneſſe.

Au. What ere the wanton *Spring*,
When ſhe doth diaper the ground with beauti.s,

Toils

Toils for, comes home to *Autumne*, *Summers* sweats
Fither in pasturing her furlongs, reaping
The cropp of bread, ripening the fruits for food.
Autumnes garners house them, *Autumnes* jollities
Feeds on them; I alone in every land
Traffique my usefull merchandize, gold and jewells,
Lordly possessions, are for my commodities
Morgag'd and lost, I sit Cheese moderator
Between the cheek-parch'd *Summer*, and th'extreames
Of *Winters* tedious frost; nay, in my selfe
I do containe another teaming *Spring*:
Surety of health, prosperity of life
Belongs to *Autumne*, if thou then canst hope
T'inherit immortality in frailty,
live here till time be spent, yet be not old.

Ray. Under the Sun, you are the yeers great emperor.

Au. On now, to new veriety of feasts;
Princely contents are fit for princely guests, *Exit*——

Ray My Lord I'le follow; sure I am not well. *Florish*.

Fol. Surely I am halfe drunk, or monstrously mistaken, you mean to stay here belike.

Ray. Whither should I go else?

Fol. Nay, if you will kill your selfe in your own defence, I'le not be of your Jurie——

Enter *Humor*.

Hu. You have had precious pleasures, choice of drunkennesse, will you be gon?

Ray. I feele a warr within me,
And every doubt that resolution kills
Springs up a greater in the years revolution;
There cannot be a season more delicious,
When Plenty (*Summers* daughter) empties daily
Her *cornucopia*, fill'd with choicest viands.

Fol. Plenties horne is alwaies full in the City.

Ray. When temperate heat offends not with extremes;
When day and night have their distinguishment
With a more equall measure.

Hu. Ha! in contemplation.

Fol.

Fol. Troubling himself with this windy-gutts; this belly-aking *Autumne*; this Apple *John Kent*, and warden of Fruiterers hall.

Ray. When the bright Sun, with kindly distant beames
guilds ripen'd fruit.

Hu. And what fine meditation transports you thus,
You study some *Encomium*
Upon the beauty of the gardens Queene,
You'd make the paleneſſe to ſupply the vacancie
Of Cinthia's dark defect.

Fol. Madam! let but a green ſickneſſe chamber-maid be throughly ſteel'd, if ſhe get not a better color in one month, I'le bee forfeited to *Autumne* for ever, and fruite-eate my fleſh into a conſumption.

Hu. Come *Raybright*, whatſoer'e ſuggeſtions
Have won on thy apt weakeneſſe, leave theſe empty
And hollow ſounding pleaſures, that include
Onely a windy ſubſtance of delight,
Which every motion alters into ayre:
I'le ſtay no longer here.

Ray. I muſt.

Hu. You ſhall not,
Theſe are adulterate mixtures of vain follies; I'le bring thee
Into the Court of
Winter, there thy food;
Shall not be ſicklie fruits, but healthfull broathes,
Strong meat and dainty.

Fol. Porke, Beefe, Mutton, (very ſweet Mutton, veale Venſon, Capon, fine fat Capon, partridge, Snite, plover, larkes, Teale admirable Teale, my Lord.

Hu. Miſtery there, like to another nature,
Confects the ſubſtance of the choiſeſt fruits,
In a rich candy, with ſuch imitation
Of forme and colour, 't will deceive the eye:
Untill the taſte be raviſhed.

Fol. Comfits and Carawaies, Marchpaines and Marmalades Suger-plums and Pippin-pies, ginger bread and Walnuts

Hu. Nor is his bounty limited, hee'le not ſpare

I exhaust the treasure of a thousand *Indies*.

Fol. Two hundred pound suppers, and neither fidlers nor broken glasses reckoned, besides, a hundred pound a throw, ten times together, if you can hold out so long.

Ray. You tell mee wonders!
Be my conductresse, I'le stile this place in secret;
Three quarters of my time is almost spent,
The last remains to crown my full content.
Now if I fail, let man's experience read me;
'Twas Humor, join'd with Follie, did mislead me.

Hu. Leav this naked season,
Wherein the very trees shake off their locks,
It is so poor and barren.

Fol. And when the hair fall's off, I have heard a Poet say, 'tis no good sign of a sound bodie.

Ray. Com let's go taste old Winter's fresh delights,
And swell with pleasures our big appetites.
The Summer, Autumne, and the Spring,
As 'twere conjoin'd in one conjugal ring;
An embleme of four Provinces we sway,
Shall all attend our pastimes night and day;
Shall both be subject to our glorious fate,
While wee enjoy the blessings of our fate:
And since wee've notice that som barbarous spirits
Mean to oppose our entrance, if by words
They'l not desist, wee'l force our way with swords. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus.

Enter three Clowns.

1. HEar you the news neighbor?

2. Yes, to my grief neighbor; they say our Prince *Raybright* is coming hither, with whole troops and trains of Courtiers; wee'l like to have a fine time on't neighbors.

3. Our Wives and Daughters are, for they are sure to get by the bargain, tho our barn be emptied, they will be sure to bee with barn for't: Oh! these Courtiers, neighbors, are pestilent knaves;

knaves; but ere I'le suffer it, I'le pluck a Crow with som of em.

1. Faith neighbor let's lay our heads together, and resolve to die like men, rather then live like beasts.

2. I, like horn-beasts, neighbor; they may talk and call us Rebells, but a fegg for that, 'tis not a fart matter; let's be true amongst our selvs, and with our swords in hand resist his entrance—— Enter *Winter*.

Wint. What such murmurings does your gall bring forth,
Will you prov't true, no good coms from the North;
Bold sawcie mortals, dare you then aspire
With snow and ice to quench the sphere of fire:
Are your hearts frozen like your clime, from thence
All temperate heat's fled of obedience:
How durst you else with force think to withstand
Your Princes entrie into this his land;
A Prince who is so excellently good,
His virtue is his honor, more then blood;
In whose clear nature, as two Suns, do rise
The attributes of Merciful, and Wise:
Whose laws are so impartial, they must
Be counted heavenly, cause th'are truly just:
Who does with princely moderation give
His subjects an example how to live;
Teaching their erring natures to direct
Their wills, to what it ought most to affect:
That as the Sun does unto all dispence
Heat, light, nay life from his full influence,
Yet you wilde fools, possest with gyant rage,
Dare, in your lawless furie, think to wage
War against heaven, and from his shining throne
Pull *Jove* himself, for you to tread upon;
Were your heads circled with his own green Oak,
Yet are they subject to his thunder-stroak;
And he can sink such wretches as rebell,
From heaven's sublime height, into the depth of hell.

1. The divel a can as soon, we fear no colors, let him do his worst; there's many a tall fellow besides us, will die rather then see his living taken from them, nay even eat up; all things are

grown so dear, there's no enduring more mouths then our own, neighbor.

2. Thou'rt a wise fellow, neighbor, prate is but prate; they say this Prince too would bring new laws upon us, new rights into the Temples of our gods, and that's abominable, wee'l all bee hang'd first——

Wint. A most fair pretence,
To found rebellion upon conscience;
Dull stubborn fools, whose perverse judgments still
Are govern'd by the malice of your will,
Not by indifferent reason, which to you
Coms, as in droughs the elemental dew
Does on the parch'd earth, 'twets, but does not give
Moisture enough to make the plants to live:
Things void of soul, can you conceive that he,
Whose every thought's an act of pietie,
Who's all religious, furnish'd with all good
That ever was compris'd in flesh and blood,
Cannot direct you in the fittest way
To serv those powers, to which himself does pay
True zealous worship, nay's so near ally'd
To them, himself must needs be deified—— Enter *Follie.*

Fol. Save you Gentlemen! 'tis very cold, you live in frost, y'ave Winter still about you.

2. What are you sir?

Fol. A Courtier sir; but you may guesse, a very fooliſh one, to leav the bright beams of my Lord, the Prince, to travel hither; I have an Ague on me, do you not see me shake: Well, if our Courtiers, when they com hither, have not warm young wenches, good wines, and fires to heat their bloods, 'twill freez into an Apoplexie; farewell frost, I'le go seek a fire to thaw me, I'me all ice I fear already. *Exit.*

1. Farewel and be hang'd, ere such as these shall eat what we have sweat for, wee'l spend our bloods; com neighbors, let's go call our company together, and go meet this Prince he talks so of.

3. Som shall have but a sowr welcom of it, if my Crab-tree cudgel hold here,

Wint.

Wint. 'Tis, I see,
Not in my power to alter destinie;
You'r mad in your rebellious mindes, but hear
What I presage, with understanding clear:
As your black thoughts are mistie, take from me
This as a true and certain augurie,
This Prince shall com, and by his glorious side
Lawrel-crown'd conquest shall in triumph ride,
Arm'd with the justice that attend's his cause,
You shall with penitence embrace his laws:
Hee to the frozen northern clime shall bring
A warmth so temperate, as shall force the Spring
Usurp my privilege, and by his Ray
Night shall bee chang'd into perpetual day.
Plentie and happinesse shall still increase,
As does his light, and Turtle-footed Peace
Dance like a Fairie through his realms, while all
That envie him shall like swift Comets fall,
By their own fire consum'd, and glorious he
Ruling, as 'twere, the force of destinie,
Shall have a long and prosperous reign on earth,
Then flie to heaven, and give a new star birth. *Florish.*

Enter *Raybright*, *Humor*, *Bountie*, *Winter* and *Delight*.

But see, our star appear's, and from his eie
Flie thousand beams of sparkling majestie.
Bright son of *Phebus*! welcom, I begin
To feel the ice fal from my crisped skin;
For at your beams the Waggoner might thow
His Chariot, axell'd with *Rophean* snow;
Nay, the slow moving North-star having felt
Your temperate heat, his isicles would melt.

Ray. What bold rebellious Catives dare disturb
The happie progresse of our glorious peace,
Contemne the justice of our equall lawes,
Prophane those sacred rights, which still must bee
Attendant on monarchall dignitie.
I came to frolick with you, and to chear
Your drouping soules by vigor of my beams;

And

And have I this ſtrange welcom! reverend Winter!
I'me come to be your gueſt, your bounteous free
Condition does aſſure, I ſhall have
A welcom entertainment.
Win. Illuſtrious firſt born, ignorance
How much expreſſion my true zeale will want
To entertain you fitlie, yet my love,
And hartie dutie, ſhall be farr above
My outward welcome, to th'ambitious light
Of heaven, the Sunne which chaces hence the night;
I am ſo much a vaſſaile, that I'le ſtrive,
By honoring you, to keep my faith alive
To him, brave Prince, tho you, who do inherit
Your fathers cheerefull heat, and quickning ſpirit;
Therefore as I am Winter, worne and ſpent
So farre with age, I am Tymes monument;
Antiquities example, in my zeale,
I, from my youth, a ſpan of Tyme will ſteale
To open the free treaſures of my Court,
And ſwell your ſoul with my delights and ſport.
Ray. Never till now
Did admiration beget in me truly
The rare match'd twins at once, pittie and pleaſure;
So royall, ſo abounding in earth's bleſſings,
Should not partake the comfort of thoſe beames,
With which the Sun beyond extent doth cheere
The other ſeaſons, yet my pleaſures with you,
From their falſe charmes, doth get the ſtart as farre
As heaven's great lamp from every minor ſtarre.
Boun. Sir! you can ſpeak well, if your tongue deliver
The meſſage of your heart, without ſome cuning
Of reſtraint, we may hope to enjoy
The laſting riches of your preſence hence,
Without diſtruſt or change.
Ray. Winters ſweet bride,
All Conquering Bounty, queen of harts, life's glory,
Natures perfection; whom all love, all ſerve;
To whom Fortune, even in extreames a ſlave,

When

When I fall from my duties to thy goodneſs,
Then let me be ranck'd as nothing.
Boun. Come you, flatter mee.
Ray. I flatter you! Why Madam? you are Bounty;
Sole daughter to the royall throne of peace.
Hu. He minds not mee now. *Ray.* Bounties ſelf;
For you he is no ſouldier dares not fight,
No Scholar he, that dares not plead your merites,
Or ſtudy your beſt Sweetneſs, ſhould the Sun,
Eclips'd for many yeares, forbeare to ſhine
Upon the boſome of our naked paſtures,
Yet where you are, the glories of your ſmiles
would warm the barren grounds, arm hartleſs miſery,
And cheriſh deſolation. Deed I honor you,
And as all others ought to do, I ſerve you.
Hu. Are theſe the rare ſights, theſe the promis'd Complements.
Win. Attendance on our revells, let delight
Conjoyn the day with ſable-footed night;
Both ſhall forſake their orbes, and in one ſphere
Meet in ſoft mirth, and harmleſſe pleaſures here;
While plump *Lyeus* ſhall, with garland crown'd
Of triumph-Ivie, in full cups abound
Of Cretan wine, and ſhall dame Ceres call
To waite on you, at Winters feſtivall:
While gawdy Summer, Autumne, and the Spring,
Shall to my Lord their Choyceſt viands bring.
Wee'l robb the ſea, and from the ſubtill ayr,
Fetch her inhabitants, to ſupply our fare.
That were *Apicious* here, he in one night
Should fate with dainties his ſtrong appetite.
Begin our revells then, and let all pleaſure
Flow like the Ocean, in a boundleſſe meaſure——*Floriſh.*

Enter *Conceit*, and *Detraction*.

Con. Wit and pleaſure ſoft attention,
Grace the ſports of our invention.
De. Conceit peace, for *Detraction*
Hath already drawn a faction,
Shall deride thee.
Con. Antick leave me;
For in laboring to bereave me

of

Of a scholars praise, thy dotage ——— Shall be hist at.

De. Here's a hot age;
When such pettle penmen covet
Fame by folly, on, I'le prove it
Scurvie by thy part, and trie thee
By thine owne wit.

Con. I defie thee,
Here are nobler Judges, wit
Cannot suffer where they sit.

De. Pri'thee foolish Conceit, leave off thy set-speeches; and come to the conceit if selfe in plain languages; what goodly thing is't, in the name of laughter?

Con. Detraction doe thy worste, Conceit appears,
In honour of the Sunne, their fellow-friend,
Before thy censure; know then that the spheres,
Have for a while resigned their orbes, and lend
Their seats to the Four Elements, who joyn'd
With the Four known Complexions, have atton'd
A noble league, and severally put on
Materiall bodies; here amongest em none
Observes a difference; Earth and Ayre alike
Are sprightly active; Fire and Water seek
No glory of preheminence; Phlegm and Blood,
Choler and Melancholy, who have stood
In contrarieties, now meet for pleasure,
To enterain Time in a courtly measure.

De. Impossible and inproper; first to personate insensible Creatures, and next to compound quite opposite humors; fie, fie, fie, i'ts abominable.

Con. Fond ignorance! how darest thou vainly scan
Impossibility; what reignes in man
Without disorder; wisely mixt by nature, *Maskers.*
To fashion and preserve so high a creature.

De. Sweete sir! when shall our mortall eyes behold this new peece of wonder;
We must gaze on the starres for it doubtlesse;

Con. See, thus the clouds flie off, and run in chase, *The Maskers discover'd.*
When the Sun's bountie lends peculiar grace.

De.

De. Fine i faith; pretty, and in good earnest; but sirrah scholar; will they come down too?

Con. Behold em well, the foremost represents Ayr, the most sportive of the Elements,

De. A nimble rascall, I warrant him some Aldermans son; wonderous giddy and light-headed; one that blew his patrimony away in feather and Tobacco.

Con. The next near him is Fire.

Det. A cholerick gentleman, I should know him, a younger brother and a great spender, but seldom or never carries any money about him; he was begot when the sign was in *Taurus*, for a rores like a Bull, But is indeed a Bell-weather.

Con. The third in rank is Water.

Det. A phlegmatick cold piece of stuff, his father me thinks should be one of the Dunce-table, and one that never drunk strong beer in's life but at festival times, and then he catcht the heart-burning a whole vacation and half a Term after.

Con. The fourth is Earth.

Det. A shrewd plodding-pated fellow, and a great lover of news; I guesse at the rest, Blood is placed near Air, Choler near Fire, Phlegme and Water are sworn brothers, and so are Earth and Melancholie.

Con. Fair nymph of Harmonie, be it thy task
To sing them down, and rank them in a mask.

SONG.

See the Elements conspire,
Nimble Air doe's court the Earth,
Water doe's commix with Fire,
To make our Princes pleasure mirth;
Each delight, each joy, each sweet,
To his composition meet.
All the seasons of the year,
Winter doe's invoke the Spring,
Summer doe's in pride appear,
Autumn forth its fruits doth bring,
And with emulation pay
Their tribute to this Holy-day;
To which the Darling of the Sun is come,
To make this place a new Elisium.

Wint. How do these pleasures please?
Hu. Pleasures!
Boun. Live here,
And be my Lord's friend, and thy sports shall vary
A thousand waies, invention shall beget
Conceits as curious as the thoughts of change
Can aim at.
Hu. Trifles: progresse o're the year
Again my *Raybright*, therein like the Sun,
As he in heaven runs his circular course,
So thou on earth run thine, for to be fed
With stale delights, breeds dulnesse and contempt;
Think on the Spring.
Ray. She was a lovely Virgin.
Wint. My roial Lord!
Without offence, be pleas'd but to afford
Me give you my true figure, do not scorn
My age, nor think, cause I appear forlorn,
I serve for no use, 'tis my sharper breath
Doe's purge grosse exhalations from the earth;
My frosts and snows do purifie the air
From choking foggs, makes the skie clear and fair;
And though by nature cold and chill I be,
Yet I am warm in bounteous charitie;
And can, my Lord, by grave and sage advice,
Bring you toth' happie shades of Paradice.
Ray. That wonder; Oh! can you bring me thither?
Wint. I can direct and point you out a path.
Hu. But where's the guide?
Quicken thy spirits, *Raybright*, I'le not leav thee,
Wee'l run the self same race again, that happinesse
These lazie, sleeping, tedious winters nights,
Becom not noble action.
Ray To the *Spring*. *Recorders.*
I am resolv'd——Oh! what strange light appears;
The *Sun* is up sure. *The Sun above.*
Sun. Wanton Darling look, and worship with amazement.
Oes! gracious Lord!

Sun. Thy ſands are numbred, and thy glaſſe of frailtie
Here runs out to the laſt; here in this mirror
Let man behold the circuit of his fortunes;
The ſeaſon of the *Spring* dawns like the Morning,
Bedewing *Childhood* with unreliſh'd beauties
Of gawdie ſights; the *Summer*, as the Noon,
Shines in delight of *Youth*, and ripens ſtrength
To *Autumns Manhood*, here the Evening grows,
And knits up all felicitie in follie;
Winter at laſt draws on the Night of Age;
Yet ſtill a humor of ſom novel fancie
Untaſted, or untry'd, puts off the minute
Of reſolution, which ſhould bid farewel
To a vain world of wearineſſe and ſorrows.
The powers from whom man do's derive his pedigree
Of his creation, with a roial bountie
Give him health, youth, delight for free attendants
To rectifie his carriage: to be thankful
Again to them, Man ſhould caſheer his riots,
His boſom whoriſh ſweet-heart, idle Humor;
His Reaſons dangerous ſeducer, Follie; then ſhall
Like four ſtreight pillars, the four Elements
Support the goodly ſtructure of mortalitie;
Then ſhall the four Complexions, like four heads
Of a clear river, ſtreaming in his bodie,
Nouriſh and comfort every vein and ſinew.
No ſickneſſe of contagion, no grim death
Of deprivation of h alths real bleſſings
Shall then affright the creature built by heaven,
Reſerv'd to immortalitie, henceforth
In peace go to our Altars, and no more
Queſtion the power of ſupernal greatneſſe,
But give us leav to govern as wee pleaſe
Nature, and her dominion, who from us,
And from our gracious influence, hath both being
And preſervation; no replies but reverence.
Man hath a double guard, if time can win him;
Heavens power above him, his own peace within him.

FINIS.